

The days are long and dreary,  
My life is sad and weary;  
For my dearest thought,  
Is to them—Forget me not.  
So let thy memory be  
As dear to thee  
As childhood's happy hours,  
As dear as faded flowers—  
Plucked from nature's fairy bower,  
To memory have a wondrous bower,  
On, then, when all is dreary,  
And life seems sad and weary.

Forget me not. Na, never  
Let thy thoughts sever,  
From the sweet, the joyous past,  
Remember me till the last.

BUHLAND, Vt., May 31, 1871.

## AN UNPUNCHED PRAYER.

"Now I say—  
Say me," began the girl,  
"Say me," implored the young,  
Her faded fingers clasped,  
"I am so strong, so strong, and you are weak—  
And the world is hard—  
I say the world, I mean the world,  
I know my soul, I know."

"Pray the Lord, who loves us both,  
Father still, 'tis well to keep,  
Then he lived long fully bold,  
And his child was lost alone,  
But the dove was left upon—  
When I staggered to my doom,  
And the dark wave of despair—  
Hark! God knows all the rest."

Oh, the racing, sweet racing—  
Of the thoughts—thoughts fast!  
Thus might we say Heavens' pulse,  
He who loves us to the last."

EACH MOTHER'S LOVE. THIRTY EIGHT.

"As I walked over the hills of old,  
I listened and heard a bird sing low,  
'Till all the air was full, there's nothing more  
As my little lambs, kill the little lambs—  
With like eyes so bright,  
And like wool so white;

Oh, he is my love, my heart abides,

The sun, the moon, the stars,

That shines on the trees.

Dearly do they on his bosom find—  
But I love my little lambs more,

so the mother-sleep and the sun may

Rule the earth, lay down the sun,

And they must to sleep the midday warm,

While my little lambs lie here and swim.

Even to the kitchen and what have I seen:

But the old gray cat, with her little three,

Flashed her whispering eyes, "Foolish boy!"

"My kitten, with tail all so curiously

curled,

Are the prettiest things there can be to the

world!

The bear in the tree,

And the old one, one,

May love that makes especially;

But I love my kittens more,

Which is the prettiest I mean,

Which of these, for the love of me,

Give them all to me?"

So I took my kitten, the silly little I love,

And we'll sit down together beneath the warm

stars.

So the kittens made the snow so warm,

While my little darling lies here on my arm.

I went to the yard, and I saw the old hen

Cuckooing about with her chicks too—

She clucked and she scratched and she laid

it away,

And what do you think I heard the hen say?

I heard her say, "The sun never did shine

On anything like us—"

So I took the hen, the silly old hen,

And the old one, one,

And the old one,